Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the barke that hath diſchargd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe wayed her anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To reſalute his country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant ſonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
Theſe that ſuruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
Theſe that I bring vnto their lateſt home,
With buriall amongſt their auncеſtors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to ſheath my ſword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
Why ſufferſt thou thy ſonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull ſhore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in ſilence as the dead are wont,
And ſleepe in peace, ſlaine in your Countries warres:
O ſacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many ſonnes of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?
Lucius. Giue vs the proudeſt priſoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, ſacrifice his fleſh:
Before this earthy priſon of their bones,
That ſo the ſhadowes be not vnappeaſd,
Nor we diſturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus

Titus. I giue him you, the
The eldeſt ſonne of his diſtreſ
Tamo. Stay Romaine bretht
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teare
A mothers teares in paſſion fo
And if thy ſonnes were euer d
Oh thinke my ſonne to be as
Sufficeth not that we are broug
To beautifie thy triumphs, an
Captiue to thee, and to thy Ro
But muſt my ſonnes be ſlaught
For valiant doings in their Co
O if to fight for king and com
Were piety in thine, it is in the
Andronicus ſtaine not thy tom
Wilt thou draw neere the nat
Draw neere them then in bein
Sweet mercy is Nobilities tru
Thrice noble *Titus* ſpare my fi
Titus. Patient your ſelfe Ma
Theſe are their brethren, whos
Aliue and dead, and for their b
Religiouſly they aske a ſacrific
To this your ſonne is mark t a
T'appeaſe their groning ſhado
Lucius. Away with him and
And with our ſwords vpon a p
Let's hew his limbes till they b

Exit Titus ſonnes w

Tamora. O cruell irreligiou
Chiron. Was euer Scythia h
Deme. Oppoſe not Scythia
Alarbus goes to reſt, and we ſu
To tremble vnder *Titus* threa

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